## JESSE BILLINGS'S WEALTH.

STRANGE STORY OF THE MAN MADE \$100,000 OUT OF ICE.

Notorious Twenty Years Ago Because Accused of the Murder of His Wife-Business Characteristics That Have Made Him One

of the Richest Men in Northern New York. SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y., June 20 .- Not long ago a despatch to THE SUN recorded the fact that Jesse Billings, whose home is at Fort Miller Bridge, a little more than two miles north of this village on the banks of the Hudson, had sold to the American Ice Company 80,000 tons of ice, which cost him 25 cents a ton to harvest, for \$1.50 a ton, thus netting him a profit of \$100,000. This transaction brought again into the public eye a man who has been for nearly twenty years more prominent than the average well-to-do Saratoga county farmer. The transaction, however, was characteristic of the man, for Jesse Billings rarely does a turn of business which does not net him a handsome profit. Indeed, it is because of his wonderfu busifiess shrewdness that he is to-day one of the wealthiest men in northern New York and easily the wealthiest man in Saratoga county. It is said by those hereabouts who have known him all their lives that until the story of his transaction in ice was printed, Mr. Billings had not had his name in the papers since the time

when, twenty od d years ago, he was easily one of the most talked about and written about men in the United States. Those were the days and personal history was on trial for his life, when he was obliged to defend himself, on two different occasions, against the charge of murdering his wife, and when he was finally triumphantly acquitted. Billings was a wealthy man then, but as the older men about here talk about the ice transaction, they recall the wonderiul additions to his fortune which he has made during the past twenty years, and it is the conclusion of many of them, as it has long been the conclusion of people generally along the upper Hudson, that the prosperity which has come to Billings is proof positive that he did not kill his wife; otherwise, they argue, he would not

No matter how completely the tragedy may have been forgotten elsewhere, the people in this part of New York State will never forget the murder of Mary Eliza Billings. All the circumstances surrounding the affair conspired to make it one of the strange murders of the century. It was not lacking, either, in features tending to make it highly romantic. The murder occured in the early evening of June 4, 1878. The heat of a day, more than ordinarily warm for June, had been tempered just at sunset by a heavy thunder shower. Just after the evening lamps had been lighted, and before the rain had stopped altogether. Mrs. Billings was shot and instantly killed as she sat rocking to and fro by a window in her sitting room opening upon the garden and looking toward the south. The window was closed and the shade drawn, but the blinds were open. The woman sat in such a position that her shadow fell across the shade at the window. It was at this shadow that the assassin aimed to fire the fatal shot. The bullet entered the left temple, and, as Mrs. Billings fell forward, she was caught in the arms of her only child, a daughter, who sat a few feet to make it one of the strange murders of the

let entered the left temple, and, as Mrs. Billings fell forward, she was caught in the arms of her only child, a daughter, who sat a few feet away on the opposite side of the table.

The Billings house was a rambling old structure of the Colonial type of achitecture, with a broad, high-pillared piazza extending across the entire front. It was surrounded by spacious grounds, the broad stretches of lawn shaded by splendid old oaks and elms. It faced the east and in front of it flowed the Hudson, from which it was separated by the broad, hard highway running from Schuylerville to Bacon Hill. The Billings farm stretched away over the hills to the west of the house as far as the eye could reach. The stables where Billings kept his fine horses for the use of himself and his wife and daughter were immediately in the rear of the house. Across the wide driveway to the north was Billings's bank and north of the bank was his general store. Opposite the bank and the store and immediately on the bank of the river were his coal yard and boat yard, the latter being the most extensive canalboat building plant in the United States. The grounds surrounding the house were bounded on the south by a picket fence, about four feet high, which was about two hundred feet distant from the window through which Mrs. Billings was shot.

It was here, surrounded by whatever comforts and luxuries they required, that the banker, merchant, farmer and boatbuilder lived with his wife and daughter, a young woman about 20 years of age. But the relations between husband and engrossed in his business. His interests, scattered pretty well over the country, required him to be much of the time away from home. His wife was a farmer's daughter and a good housewife. Her horizon was promediated in

required him to be much of the time away from home. His wife was a farmer's daughter and a good housewife. Her horizon was bounded by her home and its duties. Besides this, she had the misfortune to have a violent temper and an exceedingly jealous disposition. The result was that the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Billings was not all that could be desired. exceedingly jealous disposition. The result was that the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Billings was not all that could be desired.

He was a man who had many enemies as well as many strong friends. He was just the kind of man who might be expected to be thus blessed and afflicted. His business methods were so charp and exacting that it was said of him that, if one wanted to have him for a friend he should never do business with him. Therefore, when the neighbors in the little hamlet found that Mrs. Billings had been murdered, it was not long before some of the enemies whom Billings had made directed suspicion toward him. Investigation of the crime showed that the shot had been fired from a weapon of the rifle type. It was also determined that the weapon was held within a foot or two of the window when the shot was fired. A man's footprints were easily traced across the thoroughly soaked lawn to the picket fence running along the southern boundary of the grounds. In the soft earth on the opposite side of this fence there were deep indentations of these same footprints, which were easily traced northward through the fields and over the hills to an old well in a field on the Billings farm, nearly a mile and a half northwest of the house. The particular field in which this well was was used as a sheep pasture. When the well was uncovered and dredged there was found at the bottom an old carbine, known to have belonged to Billings and to have rested for years on a shelf in a room on the upper floor of his store.

About the time of the finding of this carbine, a pair of rubber boots were found in a smoke house just back of the residence, which had at

found at the bottom an old carbine, known to have belonged to Billings and to have rested for years on a shelf in a room on the upper floor of his store.

About the time of the finding of this carbine, a pair of rubber boots were found in a smoke house just back of the residence, which had at one time belonged to Billings, and fitted exactly into the footprints that led from the house over the fence and up to the old well. The bullet, which passed clear through Mrs. Billings's skull, was found in the room in which she died. A comparison of the side of the bullet with the bore of the carbine led to the conclusion that the shot had been fired from the carbine. Billings was not at home when his wife was killed. These circumstances, coupled with the fact that he and his wife lived unhappily together, and with the additional fact that his daughter freely declared that she believed her father had murdered her mother, led to Billings's arrest.

All through the Coroner's inquest he conducted himself with great dignity and cuite as a man would who had met with a great afficience. He made no protestations of innocence, holding that if his old neighbors very generally believed him to be guilty protestations to the contrary would be of little avail.

Accordingly this man, who had long been one of the foremost clizens of his county, was locked up in the county juil at Ballston Spasome two or three weeks after his wife had been killed. The Sheriif of the county at that time had been a schoolmate of Billings and it thus happened that every courtesy which the prisoner could properly receive was extended to him. He was provided with a large corner cell on the ground floor of the jail, a desk, stationery and telegraph blanks and with meals from the Springer transacted his business much in the same way as he would in the private office of his bank. Not a detail of all his enterprises was neglected, and, to judge from his manner, the outcome of his trial was shad that Billings made more more unit properly and the summer of 1878 th

tion was entirely circumstantial. For a defense Billings set up an alibi. He attempted to show that he could not possibly have fired the shot because he was at the house of a Justice of the Peace, where he first received the news of his wife's death, at the time the shot was fired. He accounted for his movements during all the afternoon and evening of the day of the murder. He did not take the stand himself, but he attempted to show by other witnesses that, when the shower of the early evening was practically over, he had driven, through an old lane, up to the field in which was the old well where the carbine was found, to salt his sheep. Having performed this work he showed that he had driven back through the lane and up to the house of George Washburn, a Justice of the Peace, to get a summons for a delinquent creditor. By every member of the Washburn family Billings proved that he was at the Washburn house at the time the shot was fired. By a fisherman named George Jones, it was proved that Billings did come out of the lane in his buggy and drive

he was at the Washburn house at the time the shot was fired. By a fisherman named George Jones, it was proved that Billings did come out of the lane in his buggy and drive up to the Washburn house.

This was the substance of the proof on both sides. After a charge which was considered to be somewhat prejudicial to the accused, the jury took the case. The jury's deliberations lasted for many hours and they finally came in with the announcement that it was impossible for them to agree. They stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction and were discharged. Senator flughes made the then very unusual motion in a homicide case to admit the accused to ball. Mr. Moak strenuously opposed the motion, but it was finally granted, ball being fixed at \$40,000. A cousin of Mr. Billings, the late Alexander B. Baucus, who succeeded Webster Wagner in the State Senate, agreed to become one of the bondsmen and also agreed to find another. Another bondsman was found without much free man.

He had no sooner been released than he

free man.

He had no sooner been released than he plunged head over heels into business again, at which he continued with unabated vigor for a year and a half, when he was put on trial a second time. That was in the latter part of April, 1880. For the second trial he secured the late William A. Beach as his senior counsel, it was the last great trial in which Mr. Beach took part and many of his friends stitat, the Beecher trial released took part and many of his friends that the master effort of his life. Excepted, it is that, the Beecher trial head took part and many of his friends stitat, the Beecher trial head trial her testimony was particularly flerce. She remembered incidents that had occurred years before as perfectly as if they had happened the day before she gave her testimony and yet she was a woman more than 70 years old. Her memory appeared to be as remarkable as her testimony was damaging to Billings. At the conclusion of her direct examination, Mr. Beach, who was a native of Saratoga county and who had known Mrs. Harris in her younger days, arcse and surprised everybody by beginning his examination as follows:

"Good morning, Mrs. Harris. This is a lovely morning, isn't it?"

The old lady agreed with the lawyer that there was nothing particularly the matter with the weather, and Mr. Beach continued:

"It's a good namy years since I last saw you. Mrs. Harris, so long, in fact, that I would not venture to say just how long it is. Of course, I am nowhere near as well preserved as you are, Mrs. Harris, but I find that my memory lish tanywhere hear as good as it used to be. I don't know whether you find the same difficulty of not."

"Oh, I have the same feeling," said the old lady. "I'm pretty smart, but I can't remember anywhere hear as good as it used to be. I don't know whether you find the same difficulty of not."

"Oh, I have the same feeling," said the old lady. "The pretty smart, but I can't remember anywhere hear as good as it used to. In fact the old lady had faller heels over a continued to t

timony is of any avail, my friends on the other side will either have to get a new bullet or a new gun."

The case was at length submitted to the jury after the charge had been delivered by Justice Joseph Potter of the Supreme Court, who presided at the trial. The jury were out but a short time and came in with a verdict of acquittal. After the jury had retired, Billings and some of his friends went to a hotel near the court house to await the result. The company gathered in a little sitting room off the hotel office in which there was a lounge. Billings lay down on this lounge, and, before anybody realized it, with the question of his life or his death in the hands of twelve men, this remarkable man went sound asleep, and when the court house bell announced that the jury had come in, some of his friends had to shake him vigorously before he was wide awake. The verdict was received with great demonstrations of popular approval and Billings went back to his home assured that a good part at least of the citizens in Saratoga county believed the verdict to be a just one.

Among Billings's strongest friends, from the time he was arrested until he was acquitted, was the Rev. Mr. Ford, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Bacon Hill, which Billings attended. The Sunday following his acquittal, Billings went to church and the first hymn given out was that which contains the verse:

Extol the tip of Jesse's rod
And crown him Lord of all.

Extol the tip of Jesse's rod And crown him Lord of all.

given out was that which contains the verse:

Extoi the tip of Jesse's rod
And crown him Lord of all.

The hymn was sung with great vigor by a large congregation, every member of which made it his or her business to sing directly at Billings.

At the time he was placed on trial he owned more canal boats than any other man in the United States and the same thing is true to day. His plan has been to build boats and sell them to boatmen on ironclad contracts, with the result that many of the boats which Billings builds find their way back to him owing to the inability of the purchasers to pay for them. It has seemed almost, as if everything the man has touched during the past twenty years has turned to money. During the past few years he has invested a large part of his income in farms, with the result that he now owns more farms than any other man in northern New York. It may be depended upon that he got these farms cheap or he never would have bought them. A farm which would make any other man poor Billings is able to make yield him a profit. So it is with his other real estate, mining and other investments. His genius is for money making. Owing to his reticence nobody has ever been able to make a very close estimate of Mr. Billings's wealth, but it is very generally believed by those who know him best that he is worth not far from \$2,00,000 or \$3,00,000.

And with all his money and all his remarkable history he has a remarkable personality. He has always on hand a fund of anecdote and of good stories, and he appears to have cultivated the artof making epigrams. At times his conversation is a series of epigrams. At times his conversation is a series of epigrams. At times his conversation is a series of epigrams. At times his conversation is a series of epigrams. At incident that occurred a few years ago at a railroad restaurant was crowded. Billings seated himself on one of the stools at the counter and placed his grip on another. When he paid his score and was hastening for the train and money will go when the

a flying leap for the train which was just pulling out of the station.

Just where all the man's money will go when he dies is something that greatly interests Mr. Billings's friends and neighbors. He has no near relatives living, except his daughter, and she is married to the man who was the cashier of the Billings bank when Mrs. Billings was killed, and turned against his employer when he was in trouble. The daughter and her husband are living a few miles north of Fort Miller. Bridge, on the opposite side of the river, and it is said that the daughter and her father have recently become reconciled. Whether that is true or not, it is probable that nobody knows except the two persons most interested. Billings minds his own business and employs his time exclusively in adding more money to that which he already has.

there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble, cold and beautiful, an exquisite thing but looking quite colorless beside the Dresden shepherdess on the Chippendale escritoire. She was dainty and sweet as a peach with her coquetish high-heeled slippers and her jaunty hat. There were other statues and pictures,

but these were the stars. The fellows called them Halstead's girls for the fact is they were the only girls that Halstead seemed to care for. It was one of the rooms of a dormitory suite in a college town, but no one would take it for a college man's room for there was none of the usual truck in the little drawing room. You see Halstead, 3d, was a sharp on art and he kept all the flags and boxing gloves and foils in the dining room. When the fellows called they eschewed the parlor. That was ever since Ballard tried to show a new tackle and turned over a table full of Derby cups. Halstead almost cried when he saw them smash, but he said afterward that it had served him right. He had bought the set to send as a wedding present to a friend, but when they were unpacked he fell in love with them and decided to keep them

t go at that. Halstead had just two fads. One was art and the other was charity. He wasn't an old woman by any means but he didn't go in for athletics except in a quiet way with bells and clubs, and he loved to go prowling about in odd parts of the town hunting up the lame, the sick and the blind and spending good money on them while the other chaps were plunging like maniacs on the field or whooping things up over victories or defeats, for college boys will whoop anyhow. He also taught a class in Sunday school. This sounds impossible but it was a lot of boys, little muckers picked up in the streets and he didn't give them any angel talk. He just argued with them in the endeavor to prove that if they were honest and clean and truthful and good to their mothers they might be President some day, a theory that took with them much better than the promise of wings and a harp. Even Billy the Bum, who refused to come to Sunday school unless he could bring his dog, had begun to shine his shoes and brush his teeth under the stimulus of Presidential possibilities.

Only for Billy this story would never have een written, not that the story counts, but the things would never have happened and when you have finished you will agree that that, would never have done. was sick and Halstead went down to the place Billy lived and climbed two flights to the room. Billy lay there breathing hard, and the dog looking very harrassed and wretched sat at the foot of the bed. And fanning Billy, there was a girl with a somewhat serious face and lovely eyes like a Madonna that Halstead remembered having seen somewhere. She looked up and said in a whisper:

"Are you the doctor?" "No," said Halstead, "I just dropped in t see the boy. How is he?"
"He is very bad," she said, "and I sent his

mother for the doctor. I think it's a fever." said, "Billy." But Billy never noticed. And the dog looked awfully worried. "Do you know," said Halstead, "I think,

perhaps you had better not remain here. It may be something catching?"
"I'm not a bit afraid," she said. "It's my week in the district and I have nursed lots of contagious cases."

"Yes?" said Halstead. She didn't look like nurse. She read the inquiry in his tone. "I thought it best to learn when I took up the work," she said. She seemed to recognize him at once as a fellow laborer and they sat and talked in whispers about the various missions until Billy's mother came in with the doctor, who sent them both home.

Next day Halstead was ill, fretful and had a burning head, and the day after he was worse and finally it was pronounced typhoid. Just then he forgot and began to babble and tell all he knew about blue china but in such a chatty interesting way that even the doctors smiled. Then he insisted on having the door opened between his bedroom and the parlor and they humored him. He looked ever so much happier then, for he could see his girls, the Shepherdess, the Magdalene, the poster girl and the shell ladies reflected in the mirror.

One day, about the fourth of Halstead's illness, a strange thing happened, he was dozing when he felt a hand underneath his head and a glass at his lips, and opening his eves a little he saw, who do you think? the Dresden Shepherdess smiling at him in the loveliest way and sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Halstead, quite pleased. "I am so sorry to trouble you." "Sh-sh-said the Shepherdess. "I like to take care of you. You must be very quiet."

"It is very kind of you," said Halstead. "I always thought you were so frivolous and heartless."

"Oh, no," said the Shepherdess, "that's only sat and talked in whispers about the various

always thought you were so frivolous and heartless." Oh, no," said the Shepherdess, "that's only talk. Won't you try to go to sleep?"

"I might if you would be so good as to sing to me," said Halstead.

Just then the doctor—one of the doctors—came in and didn't seem the least bit surprised to see the Dresden Shepherdess sitting there. He nodded knowingly to her and she smiled at Halstead like an angel and said:

"What kind of songs do you like?"

"I like all kinds," said Halstead: "but there is an old-fashioned song my mother used to sing to me that keeps humming itself. I don't suppose you know it. It goes like this:

"Over there! Just over there!"

"Over there! Just over there!"

"I will say—"
"Sh-sh-," said the Shepherdess, putting her soft
finger against Haistead's lips. "I know it."

Heaven's not far-it's just in sight.

Now they're calling me-good night. She sang softly, with her hand on Halstead's orehead, and he closed his eyes and fell off to

forehead, and he closed his eyes and fell off to sleep.

Next day—it must have been next day—Halstead wished so much that she would come and sing to him again. It really was worth being sick to have a beautiful girl like that take such an interest in him. But this time he felt a hand under his head and a glass at his lips and he just opened his eyes a little and closed them very quickly again.

"I beg your pardon," he said, much embarrassed. It was the Marble Magdalene sitting there on the side of the bed smilling at him. "How do you feel, "she asked.

"Thank you, I feel very well," he said. "There is a bathrobe of mine hanging on the back of the door if you would like——"
She laughed a beautiful marble laugh, but it wasn't at all stony.

"Do you know," she said, "you're the funniest fellow!"

"I am not generally considered so," he said.

Do you know, "she said, "you're the funniest fellow!"

"I am not generally considered so," he said, "but I like to hear you laugh. Go on, please. And I always wanted to see you walk. It is so very kind of you!"

He felt as though he ought to tell her about the other visit he had had but he concluded not to. After all, they were in a different set.

"Don't you think you would like to go to sleep," she asked gently.

"I might," he said, "if you would be kind enough to sing to me."

And without another word she began to sing:

Kiss me, mother—do not ween.

Kiss me, mother—do not weep— Now I lay me down to sleep!

And with his hand in hers he fell off in a pleas-And with his hand in hers he fell off in a pleasant doze.

Next day was a star day. The twelve shell girls called all at once and sat all over the bed in a delightfully informal way. Some of them ended without feet; not mermaids, you understand, but they just straggled off from the knees like an unfinished sketch. But they were lovely to Halstead. They put a cool glass to his lips and said:

"How do you feet to-day?"

"Very fine, thank you," said Halstead, "it is so nice of you to call!"

Then the doctor came in and one of the shell girls whispered to him:

"Delirious—but not a bit violent. He is the

Over there—just over there I will say my evening prayer—

I will say my evening prayer—
And he fell asleep.
Then he remembered coming back it seemed to earth again. It was afternoon and he could see the green of the elm trees when the awning blew over. There was the Shepherdess on the desk, the Magdalene, the poster girl and the shells all in their places just as though nothing had happened. By the window a girl sat in a blue and white gown. The place seemed full of flowers. Then the girl went out and came back with a boy and Halstead recognized Billy the Burn. He had the dog under his arm. They thought he was asleep.
"Sh-h." said the girl, "now go out very quietly."
"Say," said Billy, "do you think he'd like

etly."
"Say," said Billy, "do you think he'd like have the dog here with him? He's a good to have the dog here with him? He's a good watch dog."
The girl nodded and Billy put down the dog and went out on tip toe. The girl knelt on the floor and took the dog's paws in her hands, endeavoring to make him sit up. Halstead closed his eyes. He felt very happy somehow. Then he felt a soft hand back of his head and a glass at his lips. He opened his eyes and saw the girl in the blue and white dress. She had a somewhat serious face and eyes like a Madonna that Halstead remembered having seen somewhere.
"How do you feel?" she said.

Madonna that Haistead remembered having seen somewhere.

"How do you feel?" she said.

"Very fine, thank you, "said Halstead. "Would you mind letting the dog sit on a chair by the bed?" She placed the chair and the dog jumped up, wagging his tall.

"What day is it?" said Halstead.

"Saturday," said the girl. "This is the first day that you have not raved. Now you must be very quiet. Suppose you go to sleep?"

Halstead longed to ask her to sing, but he didn't quite dare. You see, this was a real girl and besides that he didn't own her as he did the others. But he opened his eyes and looked up at her and she grew pink. Then he closed his eyes and she began to sing softly:

Heaven's not for—It's just in sight—

Heaven's not for-it's just in sight-Now they're calling me. Halstead dropped off in a happy dream with er hand in his.

SUIT OVER A BRIDE'S WOES Dinner Gowns and Trousseau Didn't Arrive

-\$2,100 Damages Asked for Disappointment. NEW ORLEANS, June 30 .- The Civil District Court of New Orleans has before it one of the most difficult legal problems to determinethe exact value of social functions and enjoynent, the relative pleasure obtained from balls, dinners, receptions, &c. It is a dressmaker's case, but viewed from the other end. Usually the dressmaker sues her patron for failure to pay up. Here it is a case of damages asked for by a society woman because the dresses she ordered were not completed in time for her wedding and honeymoon, the consequence being to leave her like Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square, "nothing to wear," and compelling her to forego all the serial pleasures and triumphs which she had

reason to expect from a well-selected trousseau

On April 19 Miss Lula Lewis of Yoakum, Tex., was married to Dr. Frank T. Eiseman. The wedding was to be a great affair in Yoakum, and Mrs. Anna Lewis, the mother of the bride, was determined that her daughter should appear to advantage. No local dressmaker of Yoakum was deemed sufficient for the occasion, and Mrs. Lewis came to New Orleans on April 9 and ordered there for her daughter from the largest department store and most fashionable dress making establishment in the city a wedding out-Halstead sat on the bed and felt Billy's pulse | fit far beyond anything seen before in Yoakum. parties, dinners and receptions of all kinds. was natural that Mrs. Eiseman's trousseau should arouse a great deal of interest among the woman of her town, and all her friends looked forward with pleasure and delight at the chance the wedding would give them to see the latest

metropolitan dressmaking. But the eve of the wedding day came and no ousseau from New Orleans. A few hours before the marriage the wedding dress arrived, but -horror of horrors-it had been made without he slightest regard to the measurements furnished. It was "a fright"-four inches short in front, and could not be worn by the bride without making her ridiculous, especially in view of what had been expected and promised. As for he trousseau, the dinner dresses, the reception robes and the dress, they never arrived. The bride waited impatiently, expecting every day that the package from New Orleans would arrive, that she would be able to carry out her predictions to her friends and blossom out in all the glory of fine clothes, but no package came, no news of the trousseau-it never came. It is natural that the bride should grow ner-

came, no news of the trousseau—it never came. It is natural that the bride should grow nervous under the continued disappointment. Moreover, it put her in a false and awiward light before her friends. It was a gay season of the year and all her friends were anxious to make her honeymoen as agreeable as possible. Dinners were given in her honor: receptions at which acquaintances were invited to meet the bride. She dare not go to them to be scorned and laughed at because of her old clothes and had to send her "regrets." She c. u.d not explain to all the invitations that she was kert away by a lack of suitable robes—for that would be more humiliating than for a bride to confess that she had no "new clothes"—and there was no time to supply the deficiency. And "regrets" unexplained, as many of them were, led to many misunderstandings, so that her friends thought her cool, andho longer desirous of keeping up their acquaintance.

Such is the sad story which the petition of the bride and her mother tell, and even in the dry language of the law it becomes plaintive and touching. It is because of the suffering and humiliation to which the bride was subjected but above all because of the social pleasures of which she was deprived by the failure to make and deliver the dresses in time that she now asks for \$2.100 damages.

The per ration of the petition is more touching from a feminine point of view:

"That to the knowledge of the defendants the object in purchasing the bridal robes and other dresses was the gratification of the intellectual and social enjoyment which the said Miss Lula Lewis, now Mrs. Frank Eiseman, and her husband joining her would experience by having the bride suitably attired to enable them to accept the invitations to social festivities which among people in their class of life always follow a welding which the vace until to eleve unmerous invitations to also state to enable them to accept the invitations to social festivities which among people in their class of life always follow a welding which th

ities which among people in their class of life always follow a wedding; and that they did receive numerous invitations to all sorts of social functions within the thirty days immediately following the wedding, which they were unable to accept and enjoy and were deprived of by reason and because of the wilful violation of the contract on the part of the defendants, who did not even attempt to finish the dresses which were intended to enable the said Lula Lewis, now wife of Dr. Frank T. Elseman, to be properly arrayed on such several occasions, greatly to her mortification and to her deprivation of the enjoyment which she had a right to anticipate and did anticipate on such occasions."

The case is the first of the kind to occur here, and, as far as known, anywhere, and it is awaited with great interest. It is understood that the invitations received by the bride and which she had to decline on account of the fact that she had "nothing to wear" will be filed in evidence, and the Judge or jury will be called upon to estimate the value of each of these functions and to determine in dollars how much pleasure is lost in missing a good dinner and what amount of enjoyment a lady is deprived of who is denied the toleasure of a triumph socially and because of her gowns at a ball. And it is natural that the women in the higher social circles in New Orleans should await with much anxiety the decision of the question—whether the dressmaker who disappointed them can be held in damages for the suffering and anguish she causes by her failures.

BRIC-A-BRAC GIRLS CALLED

HALSTEAD'S CHARMING VISITORS

WHEN HE HAD TYPHOID.

His Girls, the Foster One, the Dreeden Shepherdees, the Magdalene and the Decress
Shell Girls Came to See Him—The Lallaby They Sang to Him to Make Him Sleep.

One of them was an imported poster girl
with a bud of a mouth and hair blown out in fantastic crinkled swirsh against the dark sky where the very end of each tress melted into a star. Her costume—well, the fact is she hadn't any, but a friendly cloud had blown around her and clothed her in a dusky mist through which she shone pinkly. She was a signed poster and was worth—but you wouldn't believe it if the figures were given.

There were a dozen other girls painted on shells. These shells had oddly indented surfaces and the pearly curves had been defity inted by the artist so that they seemed like part of a woman's form. They were in a velvethacked case and an electric light was set on the top somehow, so that it showed them up beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully, those women of the sea. Then there was a reclining Magdalene done in marble cold and beautifully an acquaints the decrease of the surface and the sean should be such that the do

first stroke of the midnight hour when there was a knock at the door that I can hear yet. I invited him in. The door flew open and there stood the most feared man in New Mexico. The room was covered by a Winchester rifle held in one hand. In the other was a Colt's revolver. It was a musical growl that

"'I was to meet the Governor here at midnight. It is midnight; is he here?" Gen. Wallace invited him to come in told him that he was the Governor of New Mexico, and at the same time gave him assurance of protection by declaring that there was no one else present except himself and the

"Billy came toward the table near which sat and I looked at him in wonder." Gen. Wallace went on. "This was the man that had killed his score, the man whom every officer hunted. I was not expecting to see a stripling with rounded shoulders, slightly stooping stature, effeminate physique. His face was smooth and soft, yet character and firmness were shown in every line. His voice was as musical as that of a woman. Over him hung the cloak of fearlessness and alertness, and his eyes seemed to look deep into every man's intentions."

The General then related the circumstances that led to the meeting. Billy the Kid, he said, was a New Mexican outlaw who had attracted the attention of the nation by reason of his many crimes. He was born in New York and his name was William Bonne. When a lad he was brought to Indiana and was reared at Indianapolis and Terre Haute. He went West in 1876 and was then about 17 years of age. It was not long before he became the most daring and notorious of desperadoes. He was employed by John Chisum, a cattleman, who was known as the Cattle King, and in one of their settlements Billy's account was disputed. He swore that he would square matters by killing Chisum's herdsmen and that for each one he killed he would credit the account with \$5, but if he killed Chisum himself, then the whole account would be regarded as paid. He at once entered upon a career of crime that had no equal in the West and at the time Gen. Wallace was appointed Governor of New Mexico the name of Billy the Kid was on the lips of everybody and every officer in the Territory was on the watch for him, but no one was over anxious to meet him. Billy was carrying out his threat against Chisum as well as he could and had killed several of Chisum's flerdsmen. These murders led to others and it was reckoned that as many as twenty men had been killed by him when the

new Governor arrived at Santa Fé. Soon after a young lawyer named Chapman was murdered. Four men were arrested for the crime, but such was the general terror that they inspired that the witnesses against them fled the country and it seemed that there would be no evidence against them. Gen Vallace wanted to make a record in his new office and determined that the murderers of Chapman should not escape. He learned that Billy the Kid was a witness to the murder and he believed that Billy had the pluck to appear in court and testify to the facts if he were as-

in court and testify to the facts if he were assured of his own safety. Near Santa Fé lived an old man who was known to be a friend of Billy's and the Governor went to his house one day and asked him to arrange a meeting with Billy. The man protested that he did not know where Billy was and said that he had never been upon terms of intimacy with him. Disregarding his professed ignorance, the Governor sat down and wrote a note to Billy, asking for a meeting on a certain night and promising that no one but himself and the old man should be present. He explained that he understood that Billy was the only man in the territory who had witnessed the murder of Chapman and he desired to see him about that affair. The note contained a promise that if Billy would appear as a witness, he should receive a pardon for all his past offences.

The midnight meeting took place as the General described it, but the Kid was at first loath to do what was wanted, saying that the friends of the murderers would kill him. It was finally arranged that Billy should be captured placed in jail and kept heavily ironed. He named the men who were to capture him and he himself imposed the condition that he should be kept in frons in order that his reputation might not suffer. According to the terms of the compact he was to be a free man and receive a pardon covering all his offences as soon as the murderers of Chapman were convicted.

During his confinement in jail Billy gave the

During his confinement in jail Billy gave the Governor an exhibition of his powers as amarksman. Gen. Wallace had him brought to his office and told the guards to take off the irons. With looks of astonishment they obeyed the Governor's order, and he then told the kild that he wanted to see him shoot, having been informed that he was the best shot in the West. Billy called for his revolver and Winchester and these were given to him. He was then taken out into a small court. One of the guards tossed a tin can into the air and Billy fired at it without seeming to take aim. The billes passed through the can and as the can struck the ground he continued to fire, striking it wither away from him. Asked how he almed so accurately, he showed the Governor that he placed the index finger along the barrel of the revolver, took his aim along that and pulled the trigger with the middle finger. His horse was then brought out and he mounted it and while the animal was going at a gallop he fired several shots into a four-inch saping with his left hand and, turning around, did the same with his right fland, never missing.

"It was the week before the trial of the Chapman murders," continued the General, "and Billy had been taken to dinner in his chains. After the meal he said to the guards; I wish you would tell the Governor that I am tired. Muchobilged, boys, and leaving them as though in a trance he quietly walked across the street and, unhitching a horse, dashed out of town. There could be no suspicion that the guards had conspired for his release. They were victims of that mysterious something that Billy certed over men. Later, he was arrested for a series of murders. He had kept my note offering pardon for his previous crimes. He had been in jail a week when he sant me a note saying. "Governor, why haven't you come to see mo?" I paid no attenion to it. A few days later there was a second note: Governor, I have some papers you would not want to see displayed. Come to the Jail. I knew what he meant. I sent a copy of the old

## GEN. CHAFFEE'S WAY WITH HIS MEN. An Incident at El Caney That Explains the

In the whole United States Army there is officer who possesses to a greater degree the confidence and respect of the men that have served under him than Gen. Adna R. Chaffee. now on his way to China to take command of the American forces there. It is not alone hi coolness, judgment and absolute fearlessness in action that endear him to his men, for these qualities are so nearly universal among the officers of the American Army that they are taken for granted, but also his constant thoughtulness and care for his men and his tact in handling them. After he returned from service in Cuba the men of his division told of an incident showing his spirit toward them and his cossession of that quality so rare among soltiers who are themselves without fear, sym-

pathy with a victim of panic. It was at El Caney. Several companies were letailed to dig trenches and the Spanish sharphooters were potting at them from treetops and clumps of bushes on the hillsides. Presently the firing became so severe that the men were ordered to drop their tools and return it. bout this time Gen. Chaffee came along on foot looking over the situation. In the bottom of one of the trenches he saw a soldier lying flat on his face, while the man next to him kicked him in the intervals of firing. As the General walked over he heard the kicker address the prostrate soldier in a savage whis-"Get up, you blanked fool! Here comes old

Chaffee. If he sees you you're done for." "What's the matter with that man?" asked den. Chaffee of the speaker. "Is he wounded?" "No, sir," said the soldier, saluting. The prostrate man made no motion.

"Sun, then?" asked the General, for there were many cases of collapse from heat under the bitter glare of the Cuban afternoons.
"I don't know, sir," replied the soldier in em-

barrasment.
All this time the bullets were whistling around and the soldier, who had risen from his crouching posture, and was standing at salute.
"Don't stand there and expose yourself, my man," said Gen. Chaffee kindly, although he himself had been standing in full range all the time. Now he walked over to the grovelling. nimes had been standing in that and an distance time. Now he walked over to the grovelling soldier, took him by the collar and hauled him to a sitting posture.
"What do you mean by lying there?" he said sternly. "Get up and fight with your com-

pany."
"No, I can't," whined the fellow.
"Can't," said the General. "Well, you're a fine soldier! What business have you got here? What's the matter with you, anyway?"
"I'm afraid: that's what the matter with me," said the soldier doggedly, trying to wrest his collar from the grasp of the other and trying in vain, for Gen. Chaffee has muscles of steel.
"Beg pardon, sir." said the man's neighbor saluting again. "I think the kid's been sick, sir."

ference whether my sign is visible or not, for everybody knows where to find me. You did not know, perhaps, that the tailor business, like every other profession, is gradually being divided up into specialties. I have taken the bumpy people, as you call them, for my particular patrons. For the past five years I have been working almost exclusively along the bumpy line, and now fully two-thirds of my customers are people troubled with some physical imperfection which they want concealed or, where that is impossible, reduced to a minimum by their clothes.

"It stands to reason that it is a difficult thing to give a deformed man a good fit. It might seem, to the casual observer, that any tailor who can turn out a well-fitting suit of clothes for a sound, upright man ought to be able to do proportionately good work for a cripple, but this theory does not hold water in practice. I know scores of tailors uptown who do first-class work when sewing for their own trade, but as soon as they infringe on my specialty they make a botch of everything they lay their hands on. Their incompetency in that line is due chiefly to the tendency to give attention to the whimsical notions and suggestions of patrons.

"As a rule, a man whose physique is out of kelter is very sensitive in regard to his shortcomings. He naturally wants the defect minimized to the greatest possible degree and he has a grist of ideas which would, he believes, tend to improve his appearance. The tailor who has not learned from experience the cut best adapted to various deformities is apt to be guided by the most plausible of these suggestions, and the result is general disastisfaction to all concerned.

"As for myself, having studied this branch of the trade for so many years. I consider that I am competent to fit the worst case of crooked limbs or bad back on record, and while I listen patiently to directions and apparently defer to the wishes of my customers, in reality if follow my own judgment and the consequence is. I am troubled by fewer kickers than

out to make his capture and it was a scout that lasted for weeks, each trying to get the drop on the other. Billy fell at last through love. Garrett received information that Bilyl had gone back to an old fort in the mountains to see his sweetheart. The Sheriff journeyed thither and lay in wait in the doory and of the house of Billy's sweetheart, and finally one night he saw a man come out in his stocking feet. His hat was off. He wore only shirt and trousers. He passed out into the night. Garrett walked in and covered the girl's father with his gun. 'Not a word,' he whispered as he passed behind the headboard of the bad with gunin hand. The door opened again. Billy seemed to smell danger as a camel smells rain. He knew by instinct that something was wrong, and cried to the old man in Spanish. 'Who's here?' Garrett raised his revolver. There were two shots. Billy the Kid jumped in the air and fell in his tracks. There were two bullet holes through his heart."

As the General concluded the story a sigh escaped his lips and the expression of his face was sad. He seemed to be thinking intently for a moment and then said, as though speaking to himself:

"And he was only 22."

AXES IN LUNATICS' HANDS.

AXES IN LUNATICS' HANDS. in New Orleans, waiting for a vacancy to occur in the asylum by death or discharge. These lunatics are confined in the local jails, places usually unsuited to them, and in which they suffer the greatest hardships, being usually without the necessary attendance and treatment. An investigation by the authorities in New Orleans a few days ago disclosed such a frightful condition of affairs among the lunatics that the city has decided to erect a temporary asylum where they can be confined until the State has room in which to quarter them. Meantime, they are confined in a private institution, the city pay ing their board. This overcrowding of the State Asylum

> lunatics, except the noisome police jail, the milder lunatics—those who were believed to be safe and quiet-have been allowed to run at large. On June 24 a severe lesson was taught in this matter when one of these harmless lunaties, Richardson by name, ran amuck through the principal streets of New Orleans. killing a former friend, Schloessel, and a boy, Whitaker. The lunatic himself would have been lynched by a mob, who knew nothing of his insanity, but for the Sheriff.
>
> Several other affairs of this kind have impressed upon the people of Louisiana the face that no lunatics are harmless, and a demand has been made on the Legislature for a large increase in the appropriation for the asylum, so as to enable it to provide for all. There are 1,157 insane persons confined in the asylum and the total would be increased to 1,500 if there was room enough in the institution. The increase in the inmales has been at the rate of 5 per cent, a year, showing a remarkable development of insanity in Louisiana. Some of the increase may be due to the fact that cases of lunacy were concealed before; whereas, now that the State Insane Asylum enjoys such an enviable reputation as one of the best in the country, with an extraordinary percentage of cures, the wealthlest families in the State prefer to send their weak-minded to the Jackson asylum rather than to private institutions as they did formerly.
>
> Of the inmates, 422, or nearly one-half are negroes, and it is remarked as a curious face that whereas among the whites the males exceed, at the rate of four to three, the female lunatics, the contrary is the case among the negroes, where the women lunatics are in a majority.
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> In the last few years, under the administration of the present superintendent, Dr. G. A. B. Hays, the methods pursued in the treatment of the insane have been radically changed with a most salutary result. Some change became necessary when the number of inmates increased so rapidly without a corresponding increase in the revenues provided by the Legislature. It became necessary to economize, and Dr. Hays decided to try to make the institution self supporting, believing that this would be beneficial, not only from a financial point of view, but would tend to restore the mental health of the lunatics. The result is that the asylum is one of the most cheaply run in t killing a former friend, Schloessel, and a boy, Whitaker. The lunatic himself would have

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that there was no accommodation for the

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